GODLIKE DREAM DIARY - GLOBALIST ASPECT: SOROS, ROCKEFELLER, KISSINGER, PUTIN, TRUMP, ELON MUSK, ZUCKERBERG, BUSH, OBAMA, SATAN, LILITH, APOCALYPSES, ETC.

By: Joel v.d. Reijden | **Date:** Oct. 17, 2025 | **Last update:** May 28, 2026 | SUPERNATURAL RESEARCH CENTER

Real dreams. Real scenes. Real people. At least in part, real connections. I likely will try to improve the faces above. Kissinger is sitting here with Goethe (1749-1832). ISGP also has a non-politics-related godlike dream article.

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INTRO

Not supposed to be published

Okay, so these dreams were never supposed to be published, similar to the main sample of godlike dreams. But certain people never get anything overly practical done, it's unlikely any publishing house on Earth will touch my material, I'm creating a Supernatural Research Center for ISGP that needs unique material - and I'm getting old.

This is a relatively small appendix for the main selection among over a thousand "godlike" dreams, as I want to split off any political material as much as possible. As this is just an appendix, there's no need to theorize here as to what these dreams involve.

I'm not sure the main body of dreamwork - which is stranger still and more fun than politics - will ever be published in full. It certainly is not preferred.

DREAMS: LEFT-RIGHT GLOBALISM

Possessed Bush family - ft. Gen. John Singlaub, McGeorge Bundy, CIA director Richard Helms

Dream wake up on January 27, 2016:

> *Weird dream after doing a little Enochian. I wrote down: "Icecold, but in dream. Awaken from Bush dream." Details: I see George Bush, Jr. sitting on a couch in his home. His eyes are all black. Weird black. He's demonically possessed, but at the same time there's an element of complete emptiness, despair and intense pain and suffering that has taken hold of his soul - like a torture victim. Bush Jr. is reciting my Enochian verse: "[removed]," etc.*
>
> *Bush, Sr. is standing besides the couch, holding a curtain cord. Each time he opens and closes the curtains, Bush, Jr. just starts from the beginning with his Enochian sentences. Bush, Jr. also reads to me names as General John Singlaub, McGeorge Bundy, and Richard Helms, apparently as persons who have been possessed just like him. The room in the background is a very dirty, sickening yellow. The house is cold.*

Note: Enochian Magic will likely get you infected with unseen things that are not easy to remove. Feel free to disbelieve me and play with it anyway.

Apart from that, Enochian also has an interesting history. It goes back to John Dee (1527-1609), a "sorcerer" and advisor at the royal court of Elizabeth I, England's queen who ruled from 1558 to 1603. Dee was patroned and protected by the aristocratic Cecil family, two of whom were very powerful statesmen under Queen Elizabeth I; and also had relations to some degree with Sir Francis Walsingham, who founded the first organised intelligence service under Queen Elizabeth I. Even 500 years later the Cecils and British royals were part of the Anglo-American Pilgrims Society. Thinking of it, as were close relatives of Helms and Bush.

In another fascinating plot twist, John Dee made use of a black obsidian "spirit mirror" for his "angelic" channelings that was created in Pachuca, Mexico, by the Aztecs, around the year 1,400. [1] This was almost a century before Columbus arrived on the shores of America. The Aztecs used it for the exact same divination purposes, with the patron "saint" of these mirrors being the Aztec god Tezcatlipoca [2], tied in with obsidian mirrors, jaguars, and the night sky. [3] It also is the god under which human sacrifice was introduced in the Aztec empire, involving the removal of the heart at the top of a pyramid. [4]

At the time I had this dream, I had no clue about the Aztec connection. This is quite relevant due to already having dictated an early version of

the Ayahuasca Bible at this point.

Elon Musk: holographic construction

Dream wake up on March 3, 2018:

> *I fell asleep 2-3 hours ago. I am completely soaked right now: all five layers that I'm wearing! This makes no sense! In the dream I saw Elon Musk being constructed as a hologram. Visions of a clean, green planet. He might be a better alternative than others. Got the impression of massive matrix manipulation going on. I have a superdry throat as I wake up.*

This was the first dream I had of Elon Musk, who has featured in many additional ones for reasons unknown. Some of these dreams are located in other the primary godlike dreams article.

Demonic vibrations

Dream wake up on June 10, 2018:

> *Another insane dream. I was trapped in an hyper-intense loop of insanity. It started with me sitting in a classroom and being forced into pretending that I'm a Democrat with Democrat ideals. Well, I am, except for the immigration aspect. But that was not allowed to be discussed. All the other kids were brainwashed into being anti-Trump.*
>
> *Somehow my nervous system can't deal with it and starts to malfunction. It starts with a kid, far too young to have his own opinion on the matter, saying how bad Trump is. I feel myself descending into irrational thought and going insane. I know there is something wrong with my way of thinking, but I can't stop the avalanche of bizarre, irrational thoughts. Scenes flash by at lightning speed all around me in different colors: blue, red, green. My entire body starts to violently vibrate, dozens of times a second: *Trrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr*, *bzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz*. The oscillations are extremely heavy.*
>
> *One scene I remember is that while trapped in this insanity loop, I start to do automatic writing on a wall in the classroom with some kind of needle device. Everything is shaking, like I'm in the middle of an earthquake. I write words. Demonic words. About doing the most unspeakable evil. Poison pen. Pure blackness is coming out.*
>
> *The extreme vibrations continue. I start to worry that I'll be trapped in this state for the rest of my life. Possibly forever. I try to awake from it, but it is tough. The vibrations only begin to subside when I realize I'm dreaming and lying in bed.*
>
> *What the hell is behind this? Even now I feel like I can slip back into this state. This really isn't normal. This is demonic or something. Also that very last scene again: a 58-year-old man or so with a slightly mediterranean look and curly,*

grey hair looking straight at me from a few feet away. He had third eye, completely black. The eye was moving around.

Even now I'm awake there are these visions: a bear fighting for its life. It's roaring, blood is all over it. Apparently it's defending itself from a human attack. I'm definitely staying awake now.

Another, earlier dream had an interesting aspect: how your brain won't register outside sound anymore when you descend deep into your consciousness and how outside sounds are registered again and start mixing with the dream as you ascend again into consciousness.

David Rockefeller: 7 cups, 7 sins flood

Dream wake up on October 25, 2018:

A giant flood is washing away western society. I get swept away and it almost drowns me. As I'm climbing out of the water up on a hill surrounded by Ancient Greek pillars, David Rockeller yells from his front porch: "Joel, did you at least save the 7 cups with 7 deadly sins?"

George Soros: Sceptrum Infernus - ft. Bill Gates or Warren Buffett

Dream wake up on January 31, 2020:

I'm into activism alongside George Soros and another billionaire, someone like Bill Gates or Warren Buffett. With Soros I'm sitting in the car and doing other things. He is a good guy to be around, but obviously corrupt. At one point, after some sort of activism failed, he even goes, "Ok, back to plundering."

Some time later I'm involved in an investigation into a corporation. In the process the company execs show me a metal scepter of some kind that has been the "power source behind the company since 1981." It's running empty and I wonder if it's a nuclear device or something.

The end of the dream is extremely Hellish. Soros and others are involved in a bloody struggle over a "power room for Satanic control". There's a ton of fire and blood in various scenes. In one episode a mother tells her child and others to just strip her flesh alive and paint the wall with it "for power". They do and eventually kill the bloody mess of a mother by twice driving her head into the wall. She is still alive after the first time.

The last scene involves me with another person in the room, surrounded by fire. Some sort of oath is being given, possibly involving a black robe and an object (a book or scepter). As I wake up I speak the words "Sceptrum ab Libi-us Infernus", which seems to translate as "Skepter of Hellish Pleasure" ("libitus" is an adjective (bijvoeglijk naamwoord) version of the noun (zelfstandig naamwoord) "Libicum", meaning "the things that please"). However, it could also be "Skepter of Liberating Hell" (libertus: "made free") or "Skepter of

> *Hellish Abundance" ("ad libitum" (adlib) = "naar believen", which overlaps with "pleasure".). Who really knows. The meanings strongly overlap though.*
>
> *It almost seems as if I was tricked into forgetting the words. I continued in a slumber in which I became convinced that I was researching the words, concluding that there was nothing to them. However, I was still half-asleep. Upon realizing, I somehow decided to go for the notepad function on my new phone, leading to huge auto-correction problems, all contributing to me half-forgetting the words. I've never even tried to use the notepad function before with regard to dreams.*

"How to talk to the gods?" - ft. Dana White and Megan Fox

Another dream wake up on January 31, 2020:

> *I have UFC president Dana White as a friend. Very good guy. He takes me to a local park where he shows me a "hidden" shrine with a photograph, demonstrating that Nelson Rockefeller and a relative stood at the birth of MMA in the U.S. I explain not to have been aware of this, only that President Teddy Roosevelt took jiu-jitsu lessons in 1904 of the same Japanese elements influencing BJJ in Brazil.*
>
> *As we walk back, White asks me, "Do you know how to talk to the gods?"*
>
> *A little while later I am walking through the same garden, arm in arm with Megan in a kind of majestic stroll. It's something Megan wants. People ask us if we are a couple and proceed to tell us that maybe we should just come out with it.*

Come to think of it, by coincidence, Teddy's son Archibald, grandsons Archibald Jr. and Kermit II, and granddaughter Edith, all worked for the CIA, as well as with David Rockefeller, Nelson's brother; who fronted for the CIA and was best friends with various CIA directors.

Rockefeller-Soros debate

Dream wake up on March 10, 2021:

> *Conversation between George Soros and David Rockefeller. They want to expose the whole story and they - George Soros in particular - want me to be the main representative of conspiracy. "I think he should do it," Soros says. But Rockefeller is apprehensive about having everything exposed.*
>
> *I'm not sure if I was physically present in the room or just observing from third person.*

Elon Musk: poison toad of the Apocalypse

Dream wake up on April 16, 2021:

> *"Don't release the poison toad! Don't release the poison toad of the Apocalypse! You can see how dangerous they are! Pleading for death you will, when the poison toad is released. Keep him in. Keep him inside."*
>
> *Powerful vision of a reptile terrarium built into the wall of a house. Somehow this is related to Elon Musk. Super-intense "poisonous" green and brown colors all over this terrarium. Very creepy. A chameleon is walking on a branch here, looking at me. Other animals, some extremely poisonous apparently, are in here as well. Toads are among them.*
>
> *Slowly these animals are getting out. And I let them out. I shouldn't: so poisonous, so dangerous. There is nothing good about them. Just primitive, nightmarish beings unleashed upon the world. And I just did that.*
>
> *"I can make a specific [inaudible], if you like!" Crazy Elon. With his crazy eyes. Crazy, dangerous. Poison toad.*
>
> *Some secret service agent is around. He is banging a 17-year-old girl. Almost 18. He almost made it. "Danger. Extra danger. Danger. Danger. Careful, Joel, playing with fire. Playing with death."*
>
> *So I was also going to another dimension earlier.*

"Gods-destroyed" apocalypse dimension - ft. Mark Zuckerberg

Dream wake up on July 31, 2021:

> *I finally manage to open some very 3D, intensely-colored magical cube with a friend. A bright light emerges and a replica of me - who does not look like me in real life - comes out, quickly putting us in and sending us to an alternate dimension "that the gods have destroyed."*
>
> *Initially everything is fine. There's a garden party at my house with a barbecue. We see missiles passing by at some distance in the sky. Radiation levels start to rise. Gangs and militias roaming the streets are already becoming more normal. Mark Zuckerberg is at our party, but gets shot by the first militia that breaks down the door of the courtyard.*
>
> *Society slowly breaks down. Weeds grow all over the place. Rubble on the road is everywhere. I and two other guys are locked down in my house on the first floor, around a makeshift campfire. We wonder how long we are still going to make it. A gang of Arab youths is residing in our former garden area. We keep them at bay, but don't want to disturb them too much.*

Satan's pit - ft. George Soros

Dream wake up on August 22, 2021:

> *Long dream. At the end, George Soros lets me go, because he thinks he will always win anyways. He is just playing along.*
>
> *So Soros asks the Devil, "Who is going to die first?" And the Devil is like, "Joel will die the last of you all." *Inaudible and slurring my speech.**
>
> *Soros keeps asking, "Who will die last?" And every time, he is the one who is falling. Satan lets him fall into the pit.*
>
> *I shall die last.*
>
> **Inaudible and fall asleep again, with the recording still running.**

Henry Kissinger talking Goethe and Nietzsche - ft. Jerry Seinfeld

Dream wake up on January 15, 2022:

> *So yeah, I was in this dream where I went to sit at a large table from across this Jerry Seinfeld guy. Henry Kissinger was sitting to his left. I make a joke as I sit down and they go, "You mean us, as Jews?" They're all laughing, also a guy who sits at the head of the table to my left. It's a tiny bald actor guy. I think Jason Alexander.*
>
> *There's some crosstalk and I hear Kissinger tell Seinfeld and Alexander that at one point, back in the day, he had a correspondence with Goethe [1749-1832], and also met Nietzsche [1844-1900]. Kissinger's wife is startled at the Goethe admission and goes, "Why did you never tell me about that?" She walks off, saying she is going to divorce him over this. She was sitting to my right, with a chair in between.*
>
> *There were magical-type creatures acting as bodyguards protecting this meeting.*
>
> *At the end there was a magical battle between an evil wizard and a dragon, tossing fireballs at each other. I feel the dragon represents us, me and one or two friends I'm with. The dragon loses. Het gets stretched out by the wizard who kneads and rubs the dragon's body in his hands. This scene is very 3D and I see it from the wizard's eyes. The dream ends here.*

I never talked about Kissinger, Seinfeld, Goethe, or Nietzsche to the women. In 2025 I did finally find out that back in 2011-2012 Kissinger seems to have played the exact same peek-a-boo game as the women though, before any ever had heard of me. I did have a vague concept of Goethe and Nietzsche, so who knows what I remembered "unconsciously"? I knew about the story of Faust being dragged to Hell, but only vaguely tied at least part of it to Goethe in my mind. I didn't know about Goethe's "godlike" works 'Prometheus' (including Zeus) and 'Ganymed'.

Doing research on Goethe, I also didn't know he was into having sex with young boys and girls: *"I like boys a lot, but the girls are even nicer. If I tire of her as a girl, she'll play the boy for me as well"* and was aware of the issues with this: *"Pederasty [is an] aberration [that easily leads to] animal, roughly material. ... Pederasty is as old as humanity itself, and one can therefore say, that it resides in nature, even if it proceeds against nature..."*

Pederasty was normal in Ancient Greece and Ancient Rome, I just read.

"Open up, Mark" - ft. Mark Rutte and Madonna

Background info: Mark Rutte was prime minister of the Netherlands from 2010 to 2024, and NATO chief from 2024 on. He has been a frequent Bilderberg visitor since 2012.

Dream wake up on March 5, 2022:

> *I'm at my balcony, worried about money issues. Mark Rutte comes walking up. He hands me a card, and tells me in his pompous political language that he has restored my citizenship and I can now visit foreign countries. I smile and say sarcastically, "Well, thank you, Mark."*
>
> *Next he's laughing and makes some of these jerk off hand gestures, indicating he has been tapping my phone and such. I go, "Look Mark, I really don't care. I've been so much more popular since I've opened up."*
>
> *A young Madonna is standing with her back next to me, signing autographs for fans. I see her glancing at me with a smile as I say that. I go, "Isn't that right, Madonna?" I tap my fingers a little along her back as I say that, rubbing her also a bit. She's all glowy, and smily, and giggly, putting her hand in front of her face.*
>
> *I turn back to Rutte and say, "See?"*
>
> *That's where the dream ends. As usual, the individuals are very lifelike.*

Sex doll mistake - ft. Elon Musk and Arianny

Dream wake up on July 15, 2022:

> *We're all in the same building. Elon Musk goes up the elevator. Arianny is there. After a while, Arianny wants to peek into Elon's office, worried that he may have been assassinated. Elon's office is this super-brightly lit space, all neon colors - a full-on LSD room. Elon is sitting there, stoically blowing up what seems like a sex doll of Arianny. Arianny yells in shock: "Oh no! We are gonna get you help, Elon!" and goes, "Iiiiiiiii!" as she runs out on her high heels.*
>
> *A few seconds later, Elon is done and stoically looks at the door Arianny left*

through. He shrugs his shoulders and continues with what he's doing: building some kind of android that is used for one of his experiments: the creation of an algorithm that predicts how objects bounce off walls in this room. It's not meant to be a sex doll.

It's a hilarious scene, really.

Presidential bedroom - ft. Colin Powell, Kendall, Gigi, Bella

Dream wake up on September 12, 2022:

I'm the president of the United States. I'm lying in bed, having a conversation with an Iraqi official through the United Nations. In the back of my mind I go, 'Why am I talking on an equal level to this primitive, about this shithole sandbox country?' But I have to keep up appearances. I feel like an actor. Colin Powell is sitting on the right of the bed, watching along. Another administration official is sitting on the left. Likely someone as James Baker or Brent Scowcroft.

Three girls in cute pink dresses come walking into the bedroom. One is Kendall. The other is Gigi Hadid, although she has black hair and might be Bella. The third girl I don't recognize. Kendall is smiling at me, teasing. I'm very much in love with her. Mesmerized by her eyes and smile. I get annoyed though that they are so unprofessional as I'm in the middle of this diplomatic conversation. They seem to do it on purpose. They just grab something and walk back out again, with Kendall having an expression on her face like she is teasing me. As she leaves I go, "Yeah, I can act too!"

Powell has a gap between his front teeth and can't resist cracking a few jokes. I can't believe he behaves like that.

Lilith: CIA director entrapment

Dream wake up on Dec. 21, 2022:

Ok, so, this dream. A song is blasting: "Wonder what is! Wonder..." Lilith's domain: CIA. Super-heavy 3D vision of little girls with full-body tattoos. Like 6 years old. In thongs and fishnet stockings. Twerking and dancing into the camera, shaking their asses. This is the worst.

There was this guy, the old CIA director, back in the MKULTRA days. I don't want to say his name. In an old metro station in New York City. He has to get down to a secret basement, a safe house. So the CIA director is going down. Into a back-alley passing various people. Eventually he's at the back of some building, where it is a lot more quiet. There he goes into a large garage, a cellar, a workplace. Somebody is working there.

*But he comes in there jizzing. His cum is blasting out of his penis. It's fizzling out like a champagne bottle. That's how he walks in, all dripping. *Tadahah-ey! Tadadah-yeah!* But then there's like two girls being put to bed. They are going*

to have a playdate.

"You gotta be very careful. No big mouth. You can explore the domain of Lilith. You can even expose it if you want to. Nobody is going to believe you. Hahahaha! Haaaaaargh! But you are mine. Eventually. If you do not rid yourself of me, you are mine. I love you. This is just who I am. What I am. The domain of Lilith. All these boys. All these guys. Trapped. Girls, trapped. By me. Ggggggggh! You don't know what is real. Nobody knows. This doesn't say anything about the physical world, the pshyical realm. It doesn't prove my existence. My existence doesn't give you any proof. I'm smarter than you! Hahaha!"

So yeah, but you had these girls: 6 years old. If they were good, they were like being taken somewhere. The cinema, or something. It seemed like nothing much was going on with these girls. Everything was normal. But then I saw a brief flash of a videotape while they were going to bed. They are in their thongs, all tattood up, full-body. Really tight bodies. They are just twerking into the camera, showing off that ass, in hyper 3D.

That was the end of the dream.

*Then, when I woke up and wanted to go back to sleep again, there are these intense 3D visions of darkness. Of a horrendously black cloud or realm. All this black sewer-like goo spurting out and falling on top of each other, wave after wave: *Bggg-ohla-ohla-lah-lah-llllh!* There seems to be a live, demonic component to this goo. Then there are all these visions of rats running in a dark basement. That's the domain of Lilith. Then it started talking to me.*

Cannibal trial - ft. Mark Rutte and Kendall

Background info: Mark Rutte was prime minister of the Netherlands from 2010 to 2024, and NATO chief from 2024. He has been a frequent Bilderberg visitor since 2012.

Dream wake up on March 5, 2023:

I'm being tried for being a cannibal. Kendall is at my trial, wearing multicolored snake pants, just blatantly teasing me and the world about what's really been going on, and that she had a hand in getting things this far.

I point out, "You see what she is doing!!"

Rutte, the prime minister, is present. Other girls are there too. I just heckle them, the judges and everyone else, saying they have no evidence. Rutte kinda agrees near the end, but goes, "Yeah, but I can't sell that to the people."

Bush's time machine

Dream wake up on April 22, 2023:

> *Bush built a time machine. President George W. Bush. He's stuck in the last surviving piece of a high tech underground bunker. It's me really. But now it is Bush again. He's reading a book on how to build a time machine, trying to finish it, before the enemy is able to dig him out - blow him out. There was a bloody element to the dream.*
>
> *I was part of a group from a parallel universe that ended up in this bunker. Our location was found out about, but we were able to kill all the attackers. The first wave at least. Before that, there was a Counter-Strike battle. Izzy Adesanya and Alex Pereira were two of the guys I was fighting there.*

AI apocalypse - ft. Elon Musk

Dream wake up on April 29, 2023:

> *Fighting a hyper-intelligent AI that essentially had already taken over. Nothing you could do to stop it. It just affects everything. My laptop. My phone. Power. Clearly also other technology, because in the end I couldn't even move anymore, like my brain chip or something was infected. ... Oh right, Travis Barker was there.*

Another dream wake up, 20 minutes later:

> *This AI apocalypse thing has continued over multiple wake ups now. Elon Musk is part of this last dream. At the end I also had a flash of a black movie or laptop screen with the text: "The end." And then: "Wrap up. This is the end." I wake up at that point.*

Mark Rutte: Satanic matrix tyrant - ft. Masaaki Hatsumi

Background info: Mark Rutte was prime minister of the Netherlands from 2010 to 2024, and NATO chief from 2024. He has been a frequent Bilderberg visitor since 2012.

Dream wake up on June 30, 2024:

> *I was floating through the air, trained by ninja grandmaster Masaaki Hatsumi, also into having my visions through Mikkyo and such. Others join our group, including Dean of 'Supernatural'.*
>
> *Then Mark Rutte comes along. Rutte is an evil matrix tyrant, controlling all of our reality completely. He is the big reorgaziner of everything. We are merely employees. He enslaves everybody to the maximum extent - makes them work to death.*
>
> *Reality around him is projected. It is just a fiery waterfall all over that is coming in towards us, raising the water temperature. It eventually kills everybody.*

Satan himself is after us. Rutte is sitting on his lap. It is really hard to escape. I can manipulate the matrix that he is creating and hide people a little, but it is really hard to escape. He is so in control of the matrix.

Talk with Henry Kissinger, George Shultz, and Frank Carlucci

Dream wake up on July 2, 2024:

I'm walking through Spain, along a boulevard in a tourist resort. I see George Shultz. Friendly-looking guy. He's being escorted by some people, maybe bodyguards. I go, "I know that guy." I don't know him personally though, so I just walk on. But after 100 meters or so I go, "Maybe I should just talk to him. Ask him some questions." So I walk back.

Then all of a sudden from some restaurant or cafe in a back ally, Henry Kissinger calls me. "Hey, Joel! Come over here!" I go, "What? Okay..." So I come over and all these old guys are sitting there, like their own private talk club. About 10 guys in all. It's a very 3D dream.

One guy is looking at me a little suspicious. Another goes, "Well, okay, that is Mr. Reed." I think he means Reed Irvine, but he says it wrong. "That is Mr. Shultz." He introduces them with their last name, which is a little weird. Frank Carlucci is there, with is son. Kissinger is not really talking much.

A song: "Walk this waaaaay!" The girls walk one way. And this is the way that Kissinger is walking.

1950s anti-Biden rally - ft. Kim Kardashian and Ronaldo

Dream wake up on September 7, 2024:

I'm sitting on the stage of an "alt right"-type political rally against President Joe Biden. The entire scene is black and white, indicating it took place in the 1950s. The footage being shown is of a somewhat younger Biden writing on a young guy's face, below his mouth, "I'd be in here." I start laughing. I go, "Man, that is so funny!" Next Biden kisses the young kid on his mouth, like, "I own you, boy." He's being really gay. Now the narrator goes, "That is what Joe did in the 1950s!"

On the stage, I'm sitting in a row of youngsters, probably about 20 years old. To see the narrator, I have to look just past the pretty girl next to me, on my right, who thinks I might be looking at her boobs. I am definitely also doing that.

I deny though when she teasingly asks, and go, "Look, I can check out so many other pretty girls here." I look further down the row behind the girl, but I only see guys. So in order to "prove" my argument, I now look to the row on my left. No luck there either. There's a guy sitting next to me: a young Ronaldo. I go, "Well, that's awkward." Ronaldo moves his head back and behind him there is a girl, but she is very average. I just lie and go, "You see? She is pretty too."

> *Now the pretty girl next to me screams or asks the host a question. So they have a debate about that on-stage. Next the girl decides she needs to talk to me. So we walk down the aisle on the stage, amidst hundreds of people, and move to an office in the back. I hang up my 1960s style coat. Only at the moment we start talking, it turns out that the girl in question is Kim Kardashian.*

Steve Bannon talk / Dana White interfering

Dream wake up on January 28, 2025:

> *Dana White working with, what's his name? The deceased guy? Andrew Breitbart? No, the guy who produced The Brink… Steve Bannon. They were working together. Bannon has a long talk with me. Dana comes walking in. "Are you crazy? You give him so much. He can cite you on that, you know?" Because I asked Bannon about intelligence operations and recruitment, and he was just explaining these things - how they were spreading false stories. Some person said, "This is an extermination. They want us to see that, those machines."*
>
> *At the end of this dream, there was a scene. They were still working outside my house, as in real life. But the construction work was done by these massive Transformers-type robots. This beautiful music was playing. "Wonderwaaaall. Don't you knoooow?" A female voice.*

Boeing flight with Trump

Dream wake up on February 3, 2025:

> *Dream of being part of a school class. The class was situated in a Boeing 757 or something. I went into the back, in opposition to the teacher. Some old friends of mine were there. Donald Trump was there too. I urged him to fly the plane. I don't know if he did. This was hyper-realistic. The upper half of the fuselage is all glass, so you can see really well. Flying low over the ground, through the city. *Fffff!* Just crazy.*

Illuminati research group - ft. Rihanna, Obama, Pauls, Madison

Dream wake up on March 27, 2025:

> *Dream of a secret meeting regarding conspiracy and the supernatural, set up by brothers Logan and Jake Paul. F1 driver George Russell, former president Barack Obama and Rihanna all were there. There were some discussions on how to deal with the JFK assassination that I did not agree with, as they were not correct. At the end, Jake Paul set a time bomb. As we all walked out of the lobby of this business skyscraper, it went off.*
>
> *Afterwards I met with a wide-eyed, in-love Madison in a room with purple lighting.*

This is the first time ever I dreamed of Obama.

Book of Life - ft. Megan, Kenlie, Madison, Trump

Dream wake up on May 20, 2025:

> *Similar to real life, I have a new house that I'm furnishing. It's larger though, with much of the left-over furniture in Christian Gothic theme. My parents come to visit. My father walks in first. As my mother walks in and I ask her what she thinks of the house, she goes, "Uh-oh, maybe I shouldn't even say...", as she sees the image of my deceased grandfather where my father is standing. I see things from mine and her perspective. My grandfather looks relaxed and happy.*
>
> *I show them around. There are all kinds of sections to visit. My grandfather's spirit walks with us with a big smile on his face. We meet both existing and non-existing relatives and friends, many of them deceased. At one point I'm talking to Megan, as we're both sitting on a couch. She recounts some stories to my parents. Next to Megan there's a non-existent 1990s TV star with red hair. Megan explains who she is.*
>
> *Then I want to know about Madison. Vroooom! Instantly I see Madison looking at me, spying on me, from an office window a few feet up. There are four Madisons standing next to each other. Whoooooof! They all shift and flicker back into the room, out of sight - intense Hollywood "vision" style.*
>
> *I want to know what Kendall and Kylie are up to, also in relation to me. Now this holy process starts. We enter some hyper-dimensional space, where everything ceases to exist. The halls are a blinding and largely formless white light. Frames are skipping and tilting in my view, as I walk through them. A digital security check is done. Conclusion: "Subject is considered worthy of this information." Now I see 25 trillion megabytes of data loading and being pressed into a book. It happens within seconds. Trump is there, as a custodian. He's the one handing me this book of life of Kylie and Kendall.*
>
> *My mother also wants to ask for information. Super-, super-high strangeness dream.*

There were some apparent follow-up dreams here. On July 24, 2025:

> *Long dream of Trump. We were all doing a run, as a PR stunt. Jake and Logan Paul are in the entourage. Kendall comes walking up with her mother and talks a bit about the new movie she is in. It's a really good movie actually. I don't know if Kendall runs along, but after some time we enter a forested area. There's a giant white unicorn there, which gored a person with its horn the day before.*

On September 14, 2025 I had a very similar dream:

> *Lol, Trump was hanging out with my mother. Talking to her. Flirting with her. I just read him my Kenlie-Madison dream.*

Party with Netanyahu

Dream wake up on September 10, 2025:

> **Singing a song* George Michael. A song. Non-existent, but incredible. I'm in a dark, neon-lighted party room. Netanyahu is there, smiling. He's with a bunch of his military officers.*

I can't say why I dreamed of Netanyahu. That's a first. And songs usually don't happen either without good reason.

President Trump behind my laptop

Dream wake up on April 10, 2026:

> *I just fell asleep and had this intense Trump dream. I'm walking up the stairs to the first floor of my house. Sitting there at my desk, going through my laptop, is Trump. I go, "Oh, what are you doing?" We just talk. At one point I ask him, "You know the difference between "u" and "je"?" And explain it to him. At some point he has a wild angry outburst and rips the blinder off my window.*
>
> *This was a very intensely 3D dream. Maybe it's related to me having finished and publicly published the Iran article, in which I make the case he shouldn't show so much frustration and emotion towards the Iranians, because they feed on that and it weakens him.*

Watching a UFO with Elon Musk

Dream wake up on May 26, 2026:

> *I'm high up at a skyscraper with Elon Musk and others. A flying saucer-type UFO flies up close past the windows, with Elon going, "Whoaaa! I like that!" Later on he is playing some video game in the corner of the room.*

Quantum dimensional shift - ft. Elon Musk

Dream wake up on May 28, 2026:

> *I thought a voice said, "Let's do this tomorrow." But then a second later I realized that reality shifted and this is something I said in a previous alternate reality. I could only remember for a split-second each previous reality.*
>
> *This was happening while I watched a demonstration of this type of technology with Elon Musk and others, from close up. We were all standing around this glass box in which this was demonstrated. I went, "This is beyond what I can comprehend!!"*

> *So this technology, it represents some kind of quantum dimensional shift. I saw somebody's hand and fingers transform into some kind of squid-like creature. From there it continues to transform, also back to normal on occasion. The process is hard to control, but you can do it if you have enough focus. But this morphing represents some kind of interdimensional shift.*
>
> *Also, a little later, I have this kind of force in which I can just walk through doors. I just become one with the door and move through it. Pretty crazy.*

DREAMS: PUTIN

40 missiles

In May 2021 I communicated to the women that there's something odd about Putin's secret, westernized daughter, Luiza Rozova. Not only did I get a sense that she was "in the know" to some extent, but in addition actually was following Megan Fox, Kendall Jenner bestie (and virtual Jenner-Kardashian family member) Fai Kadra, and channels as Astro Geeks. Why on Earth is she not following any Jenner or Kardashian - but is following Fai?

I mentioned Luiza months or years before to Megan, Natalie, or someone else close to Megan, because I was always preparing for an article on Russian politics. So that would ordinarily do the trick of them secretly recruiting her. But I know nothing for certain, including why I started dreaming of Putin. N. could be another factor.

40 missiles

Dream wake up on November 15, 2022:

> *I had a dream of Putin in which he launched 40 large missiles. Putin is standing on the foreground, with the missiles shooting into the sky, trailed by smoke. I can't say they're nukes. I didn't see the explosions. I don't know either if they were Iskander types, or ICBMs. Just that they were big.*

This dream I actually deleted, because I thought it was too "stereotypical" at the time. Hence, the date only is an approximation. As the Russo-Ukraine War kept continuing and I started having a number of additional Putin dreams, I decided to include the dream after all.

Lilith's door

Dictation wake up on December 11, 2022:

> *"The Door of Lilith. You have breached it, you mortal. In this Earthly paradise. .... Love! Love! Love! Love! Love! That's the only thing that can save you! From the Satanic forces roaming the Earth."*
>
> *I see Putin, drinking a glass of champagne, while his countrymen are dying in the trenches, the mud, and the gutters.*
>
> *"Satan's armies are INFESTING the Earth."*

This is just a small part of the dictation.

Limousine talk

Dream wake up on June 23, 2023:

> *I'm planning a road trip for kids to some place. I'm conversing with Putin about it in a limousine. I ask him to give me a hint what prime minister he was in contact with.*

Ghost forest - ft. Megan Fox

Dream wake up on September 18, 2023:

> *I'm ghost hunting in a forest. Putin is part of the group. Quite 3D. We actually are hiding in this ghost forest to evade Megan's supernatural senses or something. She's like this flying vampire Nitara being.*
>
> *At the end I'm trying to play Slayer on my guitar. *Tuhtuhtuh-tuuung-tuuuuuuuuung!* 'Black Magic' or 'Spirit in Black' - something like that.*

Dark Putin magic

Dream wake up on February 20, 2024:

> *A brutal, painful death. Horrible. A horrendous dream.*
>
> *[Deep voice and chanting:] "Magic! ... Prelalahalahlahlah! ... Magic!! ... Prelalahalahlahlah! ... MAGIC!! ... Prelalahalahlahlah! ... MAGIC!!!"*
>
> *Some people went, "Maybe we can conquer a few countries." But they all got dissolved, these people, in a cauldron filled with some kind of trick poison. They drank or they touched it. Their faces turn into these masks, with horrible grimaces reflecting the pain they are in. Quickly their bodies and faces melt into one. It's just a bloody mess. Slowly everybody turns liquid. It would all stream down, this bloody liquid, out of the cauldron. This would be used at the behest of Putin. He wasn't directly part of it, but it would be supplied to him, the powers.*

> *The dream started out with us being at a teenage school camp in the same mountainous forest. I was one of the supervisors. There were some magical beings out in the forest. The last one seen was a highly, supervenomous, red snake. I told someone to keep an eye on it. That's when magical elements starting appearing, at the end. Deep, deep, dangerous, Hellic, the worst of magic imaginable. Deep, deep magic.*

Putin talk

Dream wake up on September 30, 2025:

> *I'm sitting at the table with Putin. My mother was some kind of chief negotiator, speaking perfect Russian. I didn't.*

The dream is not so interesting, but the timing is. Maybe it's my own mind, or Putin is tapping N.'s communications.

Notes

1. Oct. 6, 2021, Nature, 'A ‘spirit mirror’ used in Elizabeth I’s court had Aztec roots; Geochemical analysis suggests that an obsidian mirror owned by a confidant of the English Tudor queen was made in Mexico.'
2. Oct. 7, 2021, Smithsonian Magazine, 'Obsidian ‘Spirit Mirror’ Used by Elizabeth I’s Court Astrologer Has Aztec Origins.'
3. britannica.com/topic /Tezcatlipoca (accessed: Dec. 25, 2025): *"Tezcatlipoca was generally represented with a stripe of black paint across his face and an obsidian mirror in place of one of his feet [or] with his mirror on his chest. ... Tezcatlipoca’s nagual, or animal disguise, was the jaguar, the spotted skin of which was compared to the starry sky. A creator god..."*
4. Ibid.: *"Under his influence the practice of human sacrifice was introduced into central Mexico. ... The main rite of Tezcatlipoca’s cult took place during [the] Toxcatl [festival centered at the Tenochtitlan pyramids]... Every year at that time the priest selected a young and handsome war prisoner. For one year he lived in princely luxury, impersonating the god. Four beautiful girls dressed as goddesses were chosen as his companions. On the appointed feast day, he climbed the steps of a small temple while breaking flutes that he had played. At the top he was sacrificed by the removal of his heart."*